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Longevity.

Dr. Fitch in his excellent work on consumption, groups together quite a number of remarkable cases of longevity. Thomas Parr was born in 1483, and died in 1685, aged 192 years. He died not from the disease or decay of a single organ, but from too great fullness of blood, caused by more than usual indulgence in eating and drinking. He led an active country life, enjoying air and exercise; but was invited to London, where luxurious eating and drinking soon finished him. His body was examined by the celebrated Dr. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who has left an account of the examination. Parr enjoyed good health for a century and a half. Thirty-five years after the death of Parr, Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, England, died aged 169 years. He was born in 1501, and died in 1670. His age is fully authenticated, and is the greatest among moderns. John Ethingam, of Cornwall, England, died aged 147 years. James Lawrence, a Scotchman, lived 140 years. About the year 1790, Joseph Sarrington died at Bergen, Norway, aged 169 years. In 1772, a man named Drakenburg died in Denmark, in the 147th year of his age.

In 1825, Pope Leo, XII, granted to a poor man living near Lake Trasimene, in Italy, a pension on account of his great age; he was then 125 years old. He died aged 130 years. In 1820, a man died at St. Petersburg, aged 180 years. I knew a man in the Island of Cuba, who was 120 years old; he was able to ride on horseback 60 miles in a day, and return home the next. We will now come to our own country. In 1820, a man named Henry Francisco died at Whitehall, in the State of New York, aged 134 years. He bent the drum at the coronation of Queen Anne, and was then 16 years of age; he did not die of old age, but of ague and fever. I forgot to mention the name of Dr. Mead, who was consulting physician to Queen Elizabeth, and died at the age of 148 years. John Lightower, residing in Marengo county, Alabama, died January, 1845, aged 126 years. William Priden, Maryland, died October, 1845, aged 123 years. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, a Baptist clergyman, residing at Frankfort, in the State of New York, is now in the active and useful discharge of his clerical duties, at the age of 111 years. This very year he presided at a convention of the Baptist clergy, and is perhaps the oldest clergyman in the world who is able to discharge his clerical duties.

A Mr. Blackwell, residing near Greenville, North Carolina, was living a short time since, at the age of 136 years. A colored man named Syphax, in fine vigorous health, was living last year in Cumberland county, Virginia, at the age of 117 years. The Montreal Times, October, 1846, translates the following from the Revue Canadienne: "An old man died at Wexford, Upper Canada, a short time since, named Daniel Atkin, but rejoiced in the soubriquet of Black Dan.—At the time of his decease he was 120 years of age; and during his life had contracted seven marriages, by whom he had an incredible number of children, grand-children and great grand-children, in all about 570—370 of whom are boys, and 200 girls." Mr. John Van Hoozer, of Jefferson county, Tennessee, died at his residence, about the 1st August, 1850, aged 122 years. A great many men are now living in this country (the United States) who are over 100 years of age.

At the State Treasurer's Office, in Harrisburg, last week, they were engaged in destroying, large numbers of packages of relief notes. \$25,000 were destroyed in one day.

Anecdote of a Landlord, who was compelled to pay his own Tenant's Rent out of his own Pocket.

A short period previous to the enactment of the present law in favor of the tenant, a landlord owning some nineteen or twenty houses in the lower part of the city, always bringing him in remunerative rents, and often times exorbitant, particularly in fashionable business locations, was in the habit of giving one whole day's grace to his tenants; but never failed on the second morning, to take his rent roll, and his light barouche wagon, to drive round to all his tenants, and as he rigidly required payment on that day, every one expected to be prepared to meet him.

A poor widow occupied one of his stores, some 10 by 18 feet, for which she paid four hundred dollars per annum. On the first day of February, she called on this excellent but inexorable landlord, and told him that in consequence of the death of her mother, whose funeral expenses she had with great difficulty borne, she could not pay her rent on the second of February, as she expected.

He argued the matter, and assured her it would be just as easy to pay it then as to wait. She remonstrated, and besought him with tears to allow her to give him some part of it, and wait on her a few days for the balance. To this earnest and pathetic appeal, he morosely replied: "I don't want any blubbering, or any scenes enacted here; if you can't pay that rent, then I must send a landlord's warrant, and make you." Saying this, he arose and opened the door, not wishing to give her a chance to reply, and left the room.

His wife, who had hitherto remained silent, now came forward, and addressing herself to the widow, whose name was Mrs. Clark, kindly asked:

"What is the amount of rent that is due, madam?"

"One hundred dollars, ma'am," and weeping, she added, "I cannot possibly pay it, I know I cannot."

The landlord's wife was a young creature, that had been born and lived all her days in the same house, and to her the idea of a family being sold out was awful. And, although she had been but a short time married, she knew that her husband was inexorable. She had witnessed the interview, had heard the reasons, and was determined not only to obey the dictates of humanity, but play a practical joke on her husband. Assisting the widow to put on her cloak, and accompanying her to the door, she said to her in an under tone—

"How long, madam, before you will find it convenient to pay your rent?"

"Really, madam, there is nothing doing in millinery, you know, until after the middle of March. I think by the 20th I can say positively that I can do it."

After a moment's reflection, she said to her:

"Call upon me, privately to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

As the landlord was accustomed to allow his wife several hundred dollars a year, to appropriate as she pleased, she did not find it difficult to propose to him to lend her, for a couple of months, a hundred dollars.

"I hope, my dear," added she, "that my credit is good, for six weeks or two months, for that amount."

He complied, but not without casting many an inquiring glance at his amiable wife. He felt as if he would like to know what she wanted it for, yet he gave it to her without having his curiosity gratified.

Promptly, at the time appointed, Mrs. Clark came; in the meantime, the young wife had enclosed the required hundred dollars in a note, and with that delicacy which distinguishes true liberality, as the widow was preparing to leave, she slipped it into her hand. This day, with all this landlord's tenants, it was "quarter day."

An hour afterwards, with rent roll and receipt book, the landlord was on his way, with an intention to call on his widow first, with a fixed purpose, in default of prompt payment, to issue a landlord's warrant. The wife heard nothing further from him or the widow, until the hour of dinner, when he returned in fine spirits. After dinner as he sat counting over his hundreds of dollars, he remarked:

"That woman that blubbered so, last night, and got up such a poor story—how

do you think she got along?"

"I suppose you had an opportunity to fulfill your threat, by issuing a landlord's warrant on her effects," answered his wife.

"No, indeed; though I called on her the very first one, she had the money ready; but had I listened to her, I should very probably, before long be obliged to levy upon her goods. This shows very clearly that your poor widows can pay their rent when it is due, if they are only made to feel that they must do it. Bye the bye, it is remarkable that she should have given me the rent in two fifty-dollar bills which I am certain I have seen before somewhere, within the last twenty-four hours."

"Nothing more likely," said his wife, for she probably, gave you the identical bills which I borrowed of you this morning, and loaned to her on your account, for that purpose."

The Siamese Twins.

Many persons who, in days gone by, have taken a lively interest in the welfare of Messrs. Eng and Chang Bunkers, the celebrated Siamese Twins, may be glad to learn that these gentlemen are well, and live at Mount Airy, in this (Surry) County, surrounded by their wives and children.

Mr. Eng has six and Mr. Chang five children, all of whom are apt scholars and remarkably well behaved, manifesting the strongest possible desire to learn their lessons and to secure the good will of their teacher. They all partake strongly of the most refined Siamese cast of countenance, form and manner of deporting themselves. In truth, they are a credit to their parents and the community in which they live.

Messrs. Chang and Eng are alike remarkable for their industry and belligerent dispositions. They are strict and thorough-going business men, and woe to the unfortunate wight who dares to insult them.

Formerly they resided in Wilkes County, but in consequence of the numerous actions for assault and battery brought against them in the county, they removed into the adjoining county, shortly after which they were fined \$15 and costs at Rockford, the county seat, for splitting a board into splinters over the head of a man who had insulted them.

As regards the supposed sympathy existing between them, it may be stated that their most intimate acquaintances deem them to be entirely independent of everything of the kind, and give us instances to sustain their opinion, that not long since they attended an auction sale of hogs, and bid against each other till they ran up the prices above market rates. Also that on one occasion Mr. Eng or Chang, was taken ill and took to his bed, where he lay complaining for some time, although his brother scolded him severely all the while for detaining him in bed when he ought to have been attending to the business of their plantation.

On another occasion, as they were passing up the road, a gentleman inquired of them where they were going—whereupon Mr. Eng replied, "I am going over the Blue Ridge in the stage;" at the same instant Mr. Chang, looking over his shoulder, replied with an arch smile, "I am going back home to look after our wives and children." When questioned about their mother some time since by an acquaintance, they stated that they had formerly received letters from her, but latterly they had heard no tidings of her, and even if they were to receive letters from her written in the Siamese language, they would not be able to read them, as they had forgotten their mother tongue.

They are excellent hands to carry up a corner of a log house—exceeding all their neighbors in cutting saddles and notches in corner logs—both of them wielding the axe with a power and dexterity superior to any of the most expert wood-cutters in this wooden country. When they chop or fight, they do so double handed; and in driving a horse or chastising their negroes, both of them use the lash without mercy.

A gentleman who purchased a black man a short time ago from them, informed the writer he was "the worst whipped negro he ever saw." They are inveterate smokers and chewers of tobacco—each chewing his own quid and smoking his own pipe; it has been remarked, however, in support of the sympathy supposed to prevail throughout their systems, that as a general rule, when one akes a fresh quid, the other does the same. It is also generally admitted that there is a marked difference in the systems and temperaments of the gentlemen, but still they almost invariably draw the same inference from topics submitted to their consideration, and arrive at similar conclusions. Mr. Eng not unfrequently gives serious offense to Mr.

Chang, by jesting him about his having one more child than he has. When shooting, (a sport they are very fond of,) one sights and takes aim, and the other, (it is said, pulls the trigger; now if this be true it would go far to prove the doctrine of supposed sympathy existing between the brothers, but it is questioned by most of the neighbors.

They readily admit and acknowledge themselves to entertain a strong Christian faith or belief, and are regular attendants at church and other religious meetings, where they deport themselves as becomes good citizens of the land of their adoption. They are strong politicians, and take a lively interest in all elections that occur in their district. As the writer was informed by a lady of Mount Airy, they are mighty stay at home people—rarely ever going from home unless called away by business. (Greensboro (N. C.) Patriot.

Pickling Meat.

Professor Refinesque denounces the use of saltpetre in brine intended for the preservation of flesh to be kept for food.—That part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat, he says, is nitric acid or aquafortis, a deadly poison. Animal flesh consists of gelatinous and fibrous substances, the former only possessing a nutritious virtue; the gelatine is destroyed by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre, and as the professor remarks, the meat becomes as different a substance from what it should be, as leather is from raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning. He ascribed to the pernicious efforts of the chemical change all the diseases which are common to mariners and others who subsist principally upon salted meat, such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, &c., and advises a total abandonment of the use of saltpetre in the making of pickle for beef, pork &c., the best substitute of which is, he says, sugar, a small quantity rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome and equally durable.

The High Price of Butter—a good Story.

Our New York landladies have all got the blues. Boarding-house butter is no longer sold at ten cents a pound, but has run up to nearly double that rate; and our best butter is at present worth thirty-three cents a pound in Washington Market. We heard a good story the other day of Mr. Briggs and Mrs. Wiggins—the former a precise bachelor, and the latter his landlady. Since the rise in butter, Mrs. Wiggins butters the bread for her tea-table with her own hands.—She does not allow her boarders to help themselves to so expensive a luxury. One night last week, Mr. Briggs came home to tea, and as he took a slice of Mrs. Wiggins' bread-and-butter from the plate he began to turn it from side to side, and scrutinize it closely through his spectacles.

"What is the matter with your bread and butter?" demanded Mrs. Wiggins.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing," replied Mr. Briggs, still turning the piece over, and persisting in his scrutiny.

"I'm positive, Mr. Briggs, that you do see something. Now I want," said Mrs. Wiggins, her face becoming flushed with excitement—"I want my boarders to tell me right out when their victuals doesn't suit. Now, Mr. Briggs, what is it?"

Mr. Briggs laid the slice upon his plate, raised his spectacles to his forehead, and replied with great deliberation. "Mrs. Wiggins," and here Mr. Briggs glanced mischievously down the vista of attentive faces—"I have lived in this world eighty-and-forty years and I find myself this evening such a simpleton that I can't tell which side of my bread is buttered!"

New York Paper.

Improved Wagon Brake.—Perry Dickson, of Blooming Valley, Pa., has taken measures to secure a patent for a very simple and excellent brake for wagons and carriages. It simply consists in connecting double cranks to the inner end of the pole or shaft of a carriage or wagon, and connecting the cranks to a friction brake for the face of each wheel, in such a manner that the least backing up of the draught animals brings the brakes up against the face of each wheel, and so presses them that they cease to revolve, and merely slide. It is a useful improvement for hilly countries, and cannot fail to commend itself to all whom it may concern.

Mr. Potter, of Fulton county, Ohio, raised an Irish potato this season that weighed seven and a half pounds.

Ferocity of a Cat.

A fine child, about ten years of age, the daughter of Mr. Cornwall, a superannuated Methodist preacher, residing at Nuns Island, in Galway, came to her death last week in a very unusual manner. It seems that amongst the domestic animals of the house this gentleman had a cat, which was in the habit of lying upon his children when asleep, and that on a recent occasion it scratched one of them severely. The animal was in consequence ordered to be browned, and the servant tied a stone to its neck and flung it into the river. After a week it re-appeared in a very famished condition, and having got into one of the upper rooms of the house it was shut in there by the family, who were terrified by its ferocious appearance, and wishing to starve it to death. In a short time, however, it contrived to get out of its prison while the family were all at prayers, with the exception of the deceased child, who happened to be asleep in the kitchen. The cat instantly attacked her in a most ferocious manner, and before any assistance could be rendered, had torn her throat and face so violently as to cause her death in a few days. Strange to say, the animal is still in the house, no person having been got to kill it, up to this time.

"We have not yet seen 'The course of true love, &c.," quoted in connection with the following recent scene described by *The Cumberland (Md.) Telegraph*.—It would suit however. A pair arrived in our city, and might have been seen wending their way to the residence of one of our ministers—one of the pair, a young and verily looking youth, and the other, a lady of whom one could well say, comparing her to the intended groom, "what he did not know she could teach him," for she was old enough. After much trouble, the young man had found the place where to get the papers to get married, and the train were soon bound in the "silken cords" of matrimony. Soon afterward they appeared upon the street, when the bride pretended to fix the groom's collar, concluded by giving him a "huss," which highly delighted a number of boys who happened to be present.

In the afternoon they were promenading Baltimore st., when the young man's father unexpectedly made his appearance, having just arrived in the cars, and collaring his son, told him to leave that "gal" and return home.

"You are too late, father," answered the son, "I am married."

"Eh! what, married are you, take that," and the youth's cheek received the open hand of his father. The old fellow pulled and tugged, and finally succeeded in separating his son from the bride, and the two started down the street. Arriving at a pump, the old gentleman took a drink of water; and again collaring him, he proceeded on his way, followed by a large crowd of men and boys. Near the public square he lectured his son upon the sin of running off and getting married against consent, and concluded by slapping his jaws, when a crowd interferred and separated them. The son started in full run up street, when the bride perceived him, clasped her hands with joy, and running to him, they clasped hands and started on a gallop, and the last seen of them, they were going down the Baltimore turnpike, followed by a crowd of little boys.

Sore Necks on Working Oars.—These occur when working in wet weather, or with bad yokes. The remedy is, rub a healing application. The preventive is, good yokes; the application of grease; or a decoction of white or yellow oak bark, applied to the affected parts. Or, a better preventive is a canvass or leather cap to protect the neck entirely from the storm.

Solomon's Wives.—"Father, look ye here: 'Wot's the reason you and mother is allers quarrelling?"

"Silence my son. Do you know what you're talking about?"

"Yes sir, I do. I was jist a wonderin' what you'd do if you had as many wives as old Solomon?"

"Bah! go to bed!"

"Yes, its very well to say, go to bed. Solomon had nor'n a hundred wives, all of 'em a living in the same house, a eatin' together; and never a fight?"

"Go to bed!"

"Now what a time you'd have if you had half as many. Why you'd kick up such a rumpus as 'ud fetch up the police and kick things to thunder." A broomstick interrupted the fugacious youth, and very suddenly suggested to him the idea of traveling, which he did.

What Whiskey is Good for.

The Lynchburg Express states that two sons of the late Ezekiel Fuqua, of Bedford, (near Liberty, in Virginia,) together with a little negro boy, a few days since, were severely bitten by a snake. The lads went out hunting, and having started a rabbit, ran him in a hollow log, when one of the boys put his hand in to haul him out. Very soon he felt something bite, or, as he thought, the scratch of the hare. His brother tried it with a like sensation, so he declined repeating the operation. Then little Cuff (Brave as Caesar) tries it with like success. In a few moments the hands of the parties commenced swelling at an alarming rate, when medical aid was immediately procured. The physician dosed them well with liquor, until the patients became thoroughly intoxicated, and after recovering from the effects of the medicine, the swelling subsided, and we are happy to hear the trio are now convalescent. The log was split open, and to the surprise of all, a large copperhead snake exhibited himself in all his native ferocity.

The use of whiskey as a cure for the bite of a snake, we understand, was practically tested in this county a few weeks since. A negro man, belonging to Col. David Gibson, in this vicinity, was bitten by a copper snake, and, in the course of half an hour, drank about a quart of whiskey, and was relieved from the effects resulting from the bite.—*Romney (Va.) Intelligencer*.

To Cure Hams.

As I have seen numerous receipts for curing hams, and as I have tried the annexed several years, and found it to excel every other in my estimation, I take the liberty to send it to you, that you may be disposed to try it. By letting my hams remain in the pickle, it is less trouble to keep it than by any other method which I have found, and it keeps sweet and tender all summer.

Take a barrel, and turn over an old pan or kettle, and burn coals, (I think the best,) or hard wood, for seven or eight days, keeping water on the head to prevent drying. Make a pickle with eight pounds of salt, six ounces saltpetre, two quarts of molasses, and three gallons of water to one hundred pounds. Boil and skim the pickle thus prepared. Then pack your ham in the barrels, and when the pickle is cold, pour it on the meat, and in four weeks you have excellent ham, very tender, and well smoked.—*Albany Cultivator*.

ERUPTION ON THE FACE.—Dissolve an ounce of wax, in a quart of water, and apply this every evening before going to bed. This will smooth the skin when the eruptions do not proceed from an insect working under the cuticle. Many persons' faces are disfigured by red eruptions caused by a small creature working under the skin. A very excellent remedy is to take the flour of sulphur and rub it on the face dry, after washing it in the morning. Rub it well with your fingers, and then wipe it off with a dry towel. There are many who are not a little ashamed of their faces who can be completely cured if they follow these directions.

A Cunning Device.—The following extract from Capt. Stanbury's "Expedition to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah," records another instance of ingenuity:

"I witnessed at the Pacific Springs an instance of no little ingenuity on the part of some emigrant. Immediately alongside of the road was what purported to be a grave, prepared with more than usual care, having a head-board on which was painted the name and age of the deceased, the time of his death, and the part of the country from which he came. I afterwards ascertained that this was only a ruse to conceal the fact that the grave, instead of containing the mortal remains of a human being, had been made a safe receptacle for divers casks of brandy, which the owner could carry no further. He afterwards sold his liquor to some traders further on, who, by his description of its locality, found it without difficulty.

Meekness.—We heard of a poor boy, aged about 18, who fell in love with a "strong minded" widow aged 35. He was in a bad way—didn't understand "wilders," but hung around so much as to attract the notice and contempt of his idol. Getting desperate, and hearing that the widow was sick he mustered courage, went down to the house and offered to "watch with her." Her eyes flashed, she jumped up, looked at him, and said with awful distinctness—

"Jen, tell your mother if she don't keep you to home I'll hurt you!"

Jen arose, went to her "dogratty," which hung over the mantel-piece, kissed it, dropped a couple of tears on the cat's back, made up an awful face—and left. He has not been there since.

Mr. George Spicer, of New York, has made a match, in which he bets \$1000 against \$2000, that he will produce a horse which will perform one hundred miles in one hour. The feat never has been accomplished.